



SMITH'S FROLIC.

A New Flash Song.

AS I the other night to myself took a round,
Where there was such plenty of whores to
be found,

Rum mops at each corner in clusters you'll see,
Drest, powder'd, and painted as fine as may be;
I stept up to one that was drest very nice,
She told me five shillings was the lowest price,
Five shillings, said I, and thus I did begin,
I told her in plain I would drop but six win.

Six win! says the girl, sir, pray what do you mean?
She call'd me her jewel, and bid me speak plain,
Why sixpence, says I, and where shall we go?
Why you gallows-mark'd thief! I will soon let you
know;

You gallows-mark'd, measly, ill looking whore!
Your coffin shall walk before I give you more,
With that I threw out the strength of my fist,
And made a blow at her, but chanced to miss.

Watch! watch! then was call'd, and the rattle
did go,

In less than five minutes was fairly a row,
My palls had all left me, and I was alone,
So surely I must to the watch-house have gone;
But a scout coming up. I tip't him a queer peg,
He tip't me the office to give him a leg,
Then up a dark alley I therry'd amain,
But soon I return'd to my ma'am back again.

The mot she seem'd leary, and gave me a frown,
I muched her over, and flash'd half a crown,
The sight of my glutron so pleased the dame,
She seem'd in a hurry to be at the game;
But first to a lush ken together went,
To tole off a strummond it was our intent,
I here dropt the bit for another odd pot,
Ma'am thought to be sure a staunch cull she had
got.

Then up a dark alley I went with my whore,
Ma'am thought of my bit for to queer was sure,
For down in my groper her morley I got,
To make her pay s'uce for her fun was my thought
I straightway began for to kick and to cuff,
I lubber'd her head till I thought she'd enough,
So sore was her togs, and swell'd was her head,
I pt her the double, and stroll'd home to bed.

